

Ladies Monologue

Please choose and prepare ONE of the following. (You may prepare more than one, but will only be asked to perform one.)

Mayzie La Bird—*self centered and vain with a touch of sultry sass. She has unexpectedly found herself with an egg and is looking for a way out.*

“Hey Horton, would you maybe sit on my nest? I’m bored and I’m tired. I’m due for some rest. I won’t be gone long, kid, I give you my word. I’ll hurry right back, ‘cause I’m that kind of bird. Oh, Horton, I promise I’ll fly back real soon. I’d only be gone for say, one afternoon. I’m sad, and I’m cranky, sitting day after day. I need a vacation. I need to get away. Don’t worry about your friends down in Who. I’m off. Thanks a million. Bye Bye. Toodle-oo.”

The Sour Kangaroo—*loud, brassy, a little mean (but redeemable!) She doesn’t believe Horton has actually heard Whos on a speck of dust, and wants everyone to know it.*

“Ha! That speck is as small as the head of pin. A person on that? Why, there never has been! You’re the biggest blame fool in the Jungle of Nool, and I don’t care who I tell. The biggest blame fool in the Jungle of Nool-they all think so as well. Maybe I’m nasty, maybe I’m cruel, but you’re the biggest blame fool in the Jungle of Nool.”

Gertrude McFuzz—*a bit neurotic, nervous, and shy. She has a huge crush on Horton and believes her sad, single feathered tail is the reason he won’t notice her.*

“There once was a girl bird named Gertrude McFuzz, and she had the smallest, plain tail ever was. One droopy-droop feather, that’s all that she had, and oh, that one feather made Gertrude so sad. She curled it, she dyed it, she gave it a puff. She decked it with flowers, but it wasn’t enough. For no matter what, it just was what it was....a tail that simply wasn’t meant to catch they eye of an elephant...the one feathered tail of Ms. Gertrude McFuzz.”

The Cat in the Hat—*this role is not gender specific. The story’s narrator, mischievous, energetic, and encouraging of creativity. Often breaks the 4th wall to address the audience directly, and assumes many crazy characterizations and voices.*

“I can see that you’ve got quite a mind for your age! Why, one think, and you dragged me right off of the page! Now I’m here and there’s no telling what may ensue, with a Cat such as me and a thinker like you. Our story begins with a very strange sound—the drums of a jungle beginning to pound. An unusual story will soon be unfurled of an elephant trying to save a small world. Our topic today is “Psychic Elephants Who Hear Voices.” Whaddaya think, folks? Is the elephant off his trunk?”